

## In the Bishop's Carriage

By MIRIAM NICHOLSON

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At least, she'd got beyond the inner doors when I tapped her on the shoulder.

"I beg pardon, madam." My best style, Mag.

She pulled herself up haughtily and blinked at me. She was a little, thin mummy of a woman, just wrapped away in silks and velvets, but on the inside of that nervous, little old body of hers there must have been some spring of good material that wasn't all unwound yet.

She stood blinking at me without a word.

"That lace. You haven't paid for it," I said.

Her short-sighted eyes fell from my face to the collar she held in her hand. Her yellow face grew ghastly.

"Oh, mercy! You—you don't!"

"I am a detective for the store, and—"

"But—"

"Sh! We don't like any noise made about these things, and you yourself wouldn't enjoy—"

"Do you know who I am, young woman?" She fumbled in her satchel and passed a card to me.

Glory be! Guess, Mag. Oh, you'd never guess, you dear old Mag! Besides, you haven't got the acquaintance in high society that Nance Olden can boast.

MRS. MILLS D. VAN WAGENEN.

Oh—Mag! Shame on you not to know the name even of the bishop of the great state of—yes, the lean, short little bishop with a little white beard, and the softest eye and the softest heart—and my very own bishop, Nance Olden's bishop. And this was his wife.

Tut—tut, Mag! Of course not. A bishop's wife may be a kleptomaniac; it's only Cruelty girls that really steal from stores.

"I've met the bishop, Mrs. Van Wagenen." I didn't say how—she wouldn't appreciate that story. "And he was once very kind to me. But he would be the first to tell me to do my duty now. I'll do as quietly as I can for his sake. But you must come with me or I must arrest."

She put up a shaking hand. Dear little old guy!

"Don't—don't say it! It's all a mistake, which can be rectified in a moment. I've been trying to match this piece of lace for years. I got it at Malta when—when Mills and I—on our honeymoon. When I saw it there on the counter I was so delighted—I never thought—I intended taking it to the light to be sure the pattern was the same, my eyesight is so wretched—and when you spoke to me it was the first inkling I had that I had really taken it without paying! You certainly understand," she pleaded in agitation.

"I have no need to steal—you must know that—oh, that I wouldn't—that I couldn't—If you will just let me pay you—"

Here now, Mag Monahan, don't you get to sneering. She was straight—right on the level, all right. You couldn't listen to that cracked little voice of hers a minute without being sure of it.

I was just about to permit her graciously to pay me the money—for my friend, the dear bishop's sake, of course—when a big floor-walker happened to catch sight of us.

"If you'll come with me, Mrs. Van Wagenen, to a dressing-room, I'll arrange your collar for you," I said very loud. And then, in a whisper: "Of course, I understand, but the thing may look different to other people. And that big floor-walker there gets a commission from the newspapers every time he tells them—"

She gave a squawk for all the world like a dried-up little hen scuttling out of a yellow dog's way, and we took the elevator to the second floor.

The minute I closed the door of the little fitting-room she held out the lace to me.

"I have changed my mind," she said, "and shall give you the lace back. I will not keep it. I cannot—I cannot bear the sight of it. It terrifies me and shocks me. I can take no pleasure in it. Besides—besides, it will be discipline for me to do without it now that I have found it after all these years. Every day I shall look at the place in my collection which it would have occupied, and I shall say to myself: 'Maria Van Wagenen, take warning. See to what terrible straits a worldly passion may bring one; what unconscious greed may do!' I shall give the money to Mills for charity and I will never—never fill that place in my collection."

"What good will that do?" I asked, puzzled, while I folded the collar up into a very small package.

"You mean that I ought to submit to the exposure—that I deserve the lesson and the punishment—not for stealing, but for being absorbed in worldly things. Perhaps you are right. It certainly shows that you have at some time been under Mills' spiritual care, my dear. I wonder if he would insist—whether I ought—yes, I suppose he would. Oh!"

A saleswoman's head was thrust in the door. "Excuse me," she said, "I thought the room was empty."

"We've just finished trying on," I said, sweetly.

"Don't go!" The bishop's wife turned to her, her little fluttering hands held out appealingly. "And do not misunderstand me. The thing may seem wrong in your eyes, as this young woman says, but if you will



"GLORY BE"

listen patiently to my explanation, I am sure you will see that it was a mere eager oversight—the fault of absent-mindedness, hardly the sin of covetousness, and surely not a crime. I am making this confession—"

The tender conscience of the dear, blameless little soul! She was actually giving herself away. Worse—she was giving me away, too. But I couldn't stand that. I saw the saleswoman's puzzled face—she was a tall woman with a big bust, big hips and the big head all right, and she wore her long-train black rig for all the world like a Cruelty girl who had stolen the matron's skirt to "play lady" in. I got behind little Mrs. Bishop, and looking out over her head, I tapped my forehead significantly.

The saleswoman tumbled. That was all right. But so did the bishop's wife; for she turned and caught me at it.

"You shall not save me from myself and what I deserve," she cried. "I am perfectly sane and you know it, and you are doing me no favor in trying to create the contrary impression. I demand an—"

"An interview with the manager," I interrupted. "I'm sure Mrs. Van Wagenen can see the manager. Just go with the lady, Mrs. Van Wagenen, and I'll follow with the goods."

She did it meek as a lamb, talking all the time, but never beginning at the beginning—luckily for me. So that I had time to slip from one dressing-room to the next, with the lace up my sleeve, out to the elevator, and down into the street.

Dye know what Heaven must be, Mag? A place where you always get away with the swag, and where it's always just the minute after you've made a killing.

Cocky? Well, I should say I was. I was drunk enough with success to take big chances. And just while I was wishing for something really big to tackle, it came along in the shape of that big floor-walker!

He was without a hat, and his eyes looked 50 ways at once. But you've got to look 51 if you want to catch Nance Olden. I ran up the stairs of the first flat-house and rang the bell. And as I sailed up in the elevator I saw the big floor-walker hurry past; he'd lost the scent.

The boy let me off at the top floor, and after the elevator had gone down I walked up to the roof. It was fine 'way up there, so still and high, with the lights coming out down in the town. And I took out my pretty lace collar and put it around my neck, wishing I could keep it and wishing that I had, at least, a glass to see myself in it just once, when my eye caught the window of the next house.

It would do for a mirror all right, for the dark green shade was down. But at sight of the shade blowing in the wind I forgot all about the collar.

It's this way, Mag, when they press you too far; and that little rat of a lawyer had got me most to the wall. I looked at the window, measuring the little climb it would be for me to get to it—the house next door was just one story higher than the one where I was, so its top story was on a level with the roof nearly where I stood. And I made up my mind to get what would let Tom off easy, or break into jail myself.

And so I didn't care much what I might fall into through that window. And perhaps because I didn't care, I slipped into a dark hall, and not a thing stirred; not a footstep creaked. I felt like the princess—Princess Nancy Olden—come to wake the Sleeping Beauty; some dude it'd be that would have curly hair like Tom Dorgan's, and would wear clothes like my friend Latimer's, over in Brooklyn.

Can you see me there, standing on one leg like a stork, ready to lie or to fly at the first sound?

Well, the first sound didn't come. Neither did the second. In fact, none of 'em came unless I made 'em myself.

Softly as Molly goes when the baby's just dropped off to sleep, I walked toward an open door. It was a parlor, smelly with tobacco, and with lots of papers and books around. And nary a he-beauty—nor any other kind.

I tried the door of a room next to it. A bedroom. But no beauty.

Silly! Don't you tumble yet? It was a bachelor's apartment, and the Bachelor Beauty was out, and Princess Nancy had the place all to herself.

I suppose I really ought to have left my card—or he wouldn't know who had waked him—but I hadn't intended to go calling when I left home. So I thought I'd look for one of his as a souvenir—and anything else of his I could make use of.

There were shirts I'd liked for Tom, dandy colored ones, and suits with checks in 'em and without. But I wanted something easy and small and flat, made of crackly printed yellow or green paper, with numbers on it.

How did I know he had anything like that? Why, Mag, Mag Monahan, one would think you belonged to the bishop's set, you're so simple!

I had to turn on the electric light

after a bit—it got so dark. And I don't like light in other people's houses when they're not at home, and neither am I. But there was nothing in the bedroom except some pearl studs. I got those and then went back to the parlor.

The desk caught my eye. Oh, Mag, it had the loveliest pictures on it—pictures of well-dressed and dancers. It was mahogany, with lots of little drawers and two curvy side boxes. I pulled open all the drawers. They were full of papers all right, but they were printed, cut from newspapers, and all about theaters.

"You can't feed things like this, Nance, to that shark of a lawyer," I said to myself, pushing the box on the side impatiently.

And then I giggled outright. Why?

Just 'cause—I had pushed that side box till it swung aside on hinges I didn't know about, and there, in a little secret nest, was a pile of those same crisp, crinkly paper things I'd been looking for.

20—40—60—110—160—210—260—310! Three hundred and ten dollars, Mag Monahan. Three hundred and ten, and Nance Olden!

"Glory be!" I whispered.

"Glory be damned!" I heard behind me.

I turned. The bills just leaked out of my hand on to the floor.

The Bachelor Beauty had come home, Mag, and nabbed the poor princess, instead of her catching him napping.

He wasn't a beauty, either—a big, stout fellow with a black mustache. His hand on my shoulder held me tight, but the look in his eyes behind his glasses held me tighter. I threw out my arms over the desk and hid my face.

Caught! Nancy Olden, with her hands dripping, and not a lie in her smart mouth!

He picked up the bills I had dropped, counted them and put them in his pocket. Then he unhooked a telephone and lifted the stand from his desk.

"Hello! Spring 3100—please. Hello! Chief's office? This is Obermuller, Standard theater. I want an officer to take charge of a thief I've caught in my apartments here at the Bronsonia. Yes, right on the corner. Hold him till you come? Well—rather!"

He put down the phone. I pulled the pearl studs out of my pocket.

"You might as well take these, too," I said.

"So thoughtful of you, seeing that you'd be searched! But I'll take 'em, anyway. You intended them for—him? You didn't get anything else?"

I shook my head as I lay there.

"Hum!" It was half a laugh, and half a sneer. I hated him for it, as he sat leaning back on the back legs of his chair, his thumb in his armpits. I felt his eyes—those smart, keen eyes, burning into my miserable head. I thought of the lawyer and the deal he'd give poor Tom, and all at once—

You'd have sniffed yourself, Mag Monahan. There I was—caught. The cop'd be after me in five minutes. With Tom juggled, and me in stripes—it wasn't very jolly, and I lost my nerve.

"Ashamed—huh?" he said, lightly. I nodded. I was ashamed.

"Pity you didn't get ashamed before you broke in here."

"What the devil was there to be ashamed of?"

The sting in his voice had cured me. I never was a weeper. I sat up, my face blazing, and stared at him. He'd got me to hand over to the cop, but he hadn't got me to sneer at.

I saw by the look he gave me that he hadn't really seen me till then.

"Well," he answered, "what the devil is there to be ashamed of now?"

"Of being caught—that's what."

"Oh!"

He tilted back again on his chair and laughed softly.

"Then you're not ashamed of your profession?"

"Are you of yours?"

"Well—there's a slight difference."

"Not much, whatever it may be. It's your graft—it's everybody's—to take all he can get, and keep out of jail. That's mine, too."

"But you see I keep out of jail."

"I see you're not there—yet."

"Oh, I think you needn't worry about that. I'll keep out, thank you; imprisonment for debt don't go down days."

"Debt?"

"I'm a theatrical manager, my girl, and I'm not on the inside—which is another way of saying that a man who can't swim has fallen overboard."

"And when you do go down—"

"A little less exaltation, my dear, or I might suppose you'd be glad when I do."

"Well, when you know yourself going down for the last time, do you mean to tell me you won't grasp at a straw like—like this?" I nodded toward the open window, and the desk with all its papers tumbling out.

"Not much." He shook his head, and bit the end of a cigar with sharp, white teeth. "It's a fool graft. I'm self-respecting. And I don't admire fools." He lit his cigar and puffed a minute, taking out his watch to look at it, as cold-bloodedly as though we were waiting, he and I, to go to supper together. Oh, how I hated him (To Be Continued.)

### A Paducah Girl.

John Robinson's circus that will be here Saturday, offers an eye-feast of color and beauty in his opening spectacle and ballet.

The queen of the ballet is a Paducah girl, Miss Bonnie La Nier. Her parents and most of her relatives live in Paducah. She is said to be the handsomest young lady in circus life. Newspaper critics tell of her charms, and call her a bewitching, shapely maiden. She is queen of the ballet in the circus, and the costumes she wears are marvelous creations.

### LESSON IN NATURAL HISTORY.

John Robinson's Menagerie Affords Study of Animal Life.

At Terrace Park Ohio, where the winter quarters of the John Robinson's shows are located, the owner of this "Father of Shows" has begun the erection of a gigantic zoological garden, designed and built for the two-fold purpose of supplying his big show with wild animals at a nominal cost and to be used as an experimental farm for the cross-breeding of animals of all kinds.

The constant advance of civilization is rapidly exterminating the wild animals, and the cost of taking them alive is becoming almost prohibitive for the owners of small shows, and John Robinson sees in the success of his venture a chance to supply not only the small circuses with the animals, but eventually to be able to bid for the trade of the larger ones. It is a well known fact that this show has always led all tented shows in the matter of menagerie, and today he possesses the finest private collection of animals in the world.

The parade, which is a feature of this show, has gained the envy of all his competitors because of the number of magnificent open dens of wild animals with which it is enriched, and his long and varied experience will be a potent factor in the development of this infant enterprise.

This entire collection, involving the expenditure of nearly a half million dollars in securing them, will be seen with the big show when they come for a day's engagement on Saturday, July 14.

### BY WINTER

It is Hoped the Bridge May Be Completed.

The board of public works will meet this afternoon at 3 o'clock in regular session and the joint public improvement committee will meet with it for the purpose of discussing the Island creek bridge. A decision is to be made as to just what is wanted and advertisement made for bids for the bridge. The committee desires to have as many contractors bid on the work as possible. The cost, it is believed, will not exceed \$20,000. The idea is to finish the structure by winter.

### Crazy Switch Engine.

After colliding with a Southern railway passenger train in Memphis, a Southern railway switch engine with two cars attached dashed wildly without a crew three-quarters of a mile to the union depot, where it crashed into two mail cars. Nine men were injured, one seriously.

### THE SMILE

That won't come off, appears on baby's face after one bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, the great worm medicine. Why not keep that smile on baby's face. If you keep this medicine on hand, you will never see anything else but smiles on his face. Mrs. S., Blackwell, Okla., writes: "My baby was peevish and fretful. Would not eat and I feared he would die. I used a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge and he has not had a sick day since."

### Dozen Passengers Hurt.

More than a dozen passengers were cut and bruised when a Wichita, Kas., trolley car which was carrying 30 persons jumped the track and rolled down an embankment. Most of the passengers were women, and several were knocked down and trampled upon.

### YOUR LIVER

Is out of order. You go to bed in a bad humor and get up with a bad taste in your mouth. You want something to stimulate your liver. Just try Herbine, the liver regulator. A positive cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia and all liver complaints. Mrs. F., Ft. Worth, Texas, writes: "Have used Herbine in my family for years. Words can't express what I think about it. Everybody in my household are happy and well, and we owe it to Herbine."

### The "Crested Jayhawker."

John D. White, known as the "Crested Jayhawker," yesterday announced himself a candidate for the Republican nomination for congress in the Eleventh district, D. C. Edwards, the incumbent, also formally announced yesterday.

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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### The Simple Life.

Ex-Secretary Lyman J. Gage, has issued a statement of his reasons for moving to Southern California and giving aid to the cult of the Theosophical Brotherhood. He says it is a means to a simple life.

### ALL THE WORLD

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